

dows, where people may be seen looking out, the Christmas entertainment was being held before the cry of "Fire!" started the stampede.

Photographed especially for The Day Book by our staff photographer.

SOLVE UNEMPLOYED PROBLEM BY PUTTING LABOR ON THE AUCTION BLOCK

BY JANE WHITAKER

Labor is again on the auction block. How much do you bid?

The talk-fest commission, that little toy board of charity officials appointed by Mayor Harrison to solve the problem of the Unemployed, has succeeded in getting the Mayor out of a ticklish situation.

It has established a municipal employment bureau to be operated in connection with the municipal lodging house, and appeals to the housewives to give the unemployed work, thus sweeping the problem from the Mayor's back door right into the housewife's dust-pan.

More than that, the toy commission gave the single job at its disposal to an ex-light of the United Charities.

George W. Overton is placed in charge of the "bureau of employment" and he already explains that not only is he open to bids on labor, but that he is going to be most particular in branding labor.

You will have a chance to buy cheap, and you can also be real fussy and select the style that appeals to you, and even if you are only bidding fifty cents for what is worth two dollars, you can look at the tag and reject the goods if it doesn't harmonize with your parlor carpet or the bric-a-brac on the mantle.

What are the kinds? You thought they were all men and therefore all alike? You thought they were all created by the same God, with the same souls, and the same brains, and the same nervous systems to register hurts and slights and suffering?

Why, how perfectly foolish! Ask Mr. Overton, and he will correct you. They must be classified like cattle, and you judge them entirely by the

brand on the outside. Overton calls some of them "floaters." That means that some of them are the poor derelicts that you never knew were walking the streets without work last year and the year before that and the year before that, but they were. And now they are used to walking around, and they don't bother asking you to help them—they know they weren't helped in the past and they don't expect help now.

And another brand Overton is going to throw to one side with the sheep is the hoboes. Who are they? Just the boys who were once like your boy. Only you keep your boy home, and if he doesn't earn enough to pay his way, you board him for nothing and let him keep what he makes, and if, even then, he cannot dress as he should, you go down in your pocket and pay the difference.

But the hoboes are the boys who left their homes because they thought they could do such big things in a city like Chicago—where there are toy commissions to get employment for the out-of-work, but they found that toy commissions hold talk-fests, and Mayors who appoint toy-commissions solve the problem by putting it up to the public, and so the hoboes are boys who only get work—sometimes, and they take it wherever it is offered—in any part of the country.

And then there are the tramps. Well, you won't have a chance to inspect tags on any of these. They don't bother working at all. They are the men that long ago dug a little hole in a city rubbish pile and buried "hope."

They can live without your auction jobs. All they have to do is to go into a mission and pretend to repent